

The Mirror

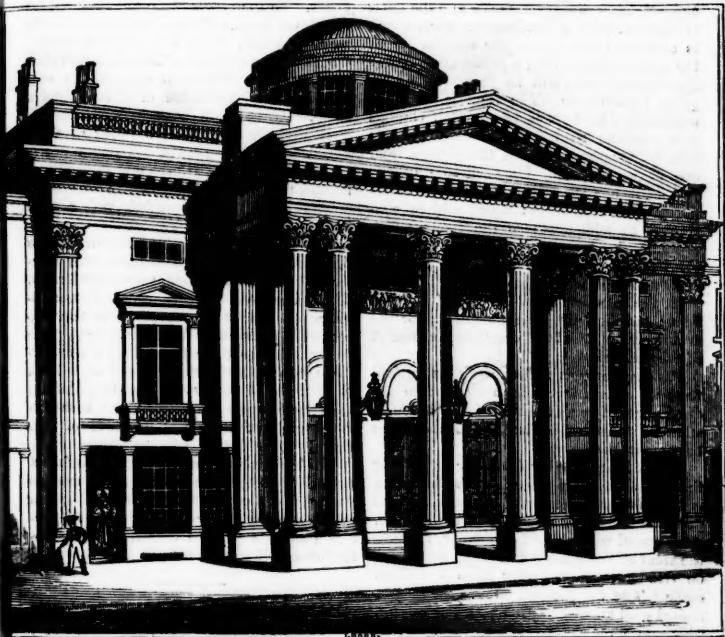
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 675.]

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THE NEW ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE, STRAND.

This handsome structure occupies nearly the precise site of the former theatre, which was consumed by fire in February, 1830. A great portion of this interval was spent in negotiating means for connecting the rebuilding of the theatre with an important public improvement, viz. the opening of a new line of street from Waterloo Bridge to Long Acre. At length, to quote the lithograph circular issued by the proprietor, "after numerous impediments surmounted and unforeseen, he has been enabled by the kind assistance of Royal and Noble patrons, and many valuable friends, at a large outlay, to rebuild his theatre, which is situated in the most central part of the metropolis, in the new street opposite the Waterloo Bridge." Once begun, the erection of the theatre proceeded with great rapidity, so as to ensure its completion by the commencement of the summer thea-

trical season. It is, altogether, a structure of great beauty, and is, probably, more characteristic of its appropriation than any similar building in London. Covent Garden Theatre, it is true, is of stately architecture, but its magnificence is too heavy for a temple of the drama; and the severity of its Doric details, though easily associated with classic tragedy, are not suited for a theatre in which the pure drama is so little respected. Leaving these matters to critical heads, we are inclined to consider the New English Opera-House in grade of characteristic merit to resemble the Haymarket Theatre, which may be rated as one of Mr. Nash's most successful architectural labours.

The new theatre, in plan, may be divided into three portions:—1. the entrances and part used as a residence; 2. the auditory; 3. the stage. The front forms part of the

west side of the new street, and the back of the stage department faces Burleigh-street. The principal entrance is under an elegant portico of six, lofty, fluted columns of the Corinthian order; those at the two extremities being coupled—that is, placed on one base. The entablature and pediment which they support, are well proportioned; and the latter is enriched with a handsome cornice, which is continued throughout the entablature of the front, crowned with a balustrade. Above the entrance doors will be placed an appropriate basso-relievo. The front is otherwise embellished with six pilasters, with capitals corresponding with those of the columns; four being placed behind the portico, and one at each angle. On each side of the portico is a shop, with an elegant balustraded window above it: which may be considered to add much to the lively effect. Above the roof rises a dome, which is a judicious addition to the elevation, and is admirably adapted for ventilation.

Of the interior we shall be expected to say little: but that must be laudatory; for the arrangements are of the completest character of convenience.

Passing through a hall, with an arched roof, we enter a vestibule, opening into the dress circle of boxes; with a tasteful double staircase on each side, leading to the upper boxes and the saloon.

The auditory is in front semicircular, and at the sides of the horse-shoe form, or that which is best adapted for hearing. The architectural design consists of an elegant entablature, surmounted with a light balustrade, forming the front of the gallery and slips, supported on slender columns rising from the dress circle. The enrichments are raised in burnished gold on a white ground. The ceiling, which is circular and slightly concave, is ornamented with coloured arabesques in compartments, with chaste effect. There are two tiers of boxes: in front of the lower, or dress, circle, is a projection, called "the balcony," answering to the *premiere galerie* of the French theatres: the front consisting of an ornamental trellis-work of gilt metal. The front of the dress circle is ornamented with classical subjects, in the fresco style; and the first or upper tier is embellished with an imitation of rich tapestry, which is novel in an English theatre. The balustrades of the gallery and slips are lined with rose colour. There is only one gallery; but it is extensive.

The auditory is lit by a magnificent cut glass chandelier, executed by Mr. P. Phillips. "It is suspended by ten massive glass cords, surmounted by a most brilliant feather, divided into eight foliages, the whole composed of glass. The bottom has also ten elegant festoons of prismatic icicles, which produce a dazzling effect, with the gas-lights darting

through 400 prismatic spears, so that the whole appears like a blaze of sunshine upon a coruscation of icicles. We understand the cost was 700*l*."*

The proscenium is supported by four columns on each side, coupled, on a white marble base; between which are the stage-boxes. In the centre of the proscenium are the Royal arms, delicately painted. To the right and left, floral ornaments are introduced, with medallions of Mozart and Weber. The stage is 38 ft. 6 in. wide, being only 4 ft. less than the width of Covent Garden stage.

Behind the balcony is a range of small boxes, for family parties. There are also three private boxes at each end of each tier, besides those on the stage.

The house, when crowded, will contain 350*l*.

The architect of this superb structure is Mr. Beazley, whose experience in the erection of theatres has been very considerable. The design bears the stamp of classic elegance, and must certainly add to the well-earned reputation of the architect. The works have been constructed with substantial neatness, by Messrs. Grissell and Peto, the builders of the New Hungerford Market; and the internal decorations have been executed under the tasteful direction of Mr. Crace.

We have only to congratulate the architect upon his success, and to add our anxious wishes, that the proprietor and the performers may please the public, as highly as the theatre itself has pleased ourselves: the satisfaction of all parties will then be complete.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.

PREVIOUS to the year 1770, (when an Act was passed "For the Further Preventing Delays of Justice by reason of Privilege of Parliament,") the Privileges of Parliament were so extensive, that a Member thereof, or his servants, were not only privileged from arrests, but their property was also exempted, (with a few trivial exceptions,) from the payment of their just debts.

The following cases will sufficiently show to what extent these pernicious privileges were carried in former times; and will likewise serve to explain what the subject has gained by the provisions of the several Acts of Parliament, which have restrained the privileges of Members, so far as they could be used as exceptions to, or infringements on, public justice.

In the first year of the reign of James I., Sir Thomas Shirley, a Member of Parliament, was arrested four days before the sitting of Parliament, and carried prisoner to the Fleet;

* Literary Gazette.

on which a warrant was issued to the Clerk of the Crown, for a Habeas Corpus to bring him to the House; and the sergeant was sent for in custody, who, being brought to the bar, and confessing his fault, was excused for that time: but, upon hearing counsel at the bar for Sir Thomas Shirley, and the warden of the Fleet, and upon producing precedent, Simpson, the prosecutor, who caused the arrest to be made, was ordered to be committed to the Tower; and afterwards, the warden refusing to execute the writ of Habeas Corpus, and the delivery of Sir Thomas being denied, he was likewise committed to the Tower; though on his agreeing to deliver up Sir Thomas, upon a new warrant for a new writ of Habeas Corpus, and making submission to the House, he was discharged. As this affair took up some time, the House entered into several debates touching their privilege, and how the debt of the party might be satisfied; which produced three questions: 1st, Whether Sir Thomas Shirley should have privilege? 2ndly, Whether presently, or to be deferred? And 3rdly, Whether the House should petition the King for some course for securing the debt of the party, according to former precedents, and saving harmless the warden of the Fleet? All these questions were resolved; and a Bill was brought in to secure Simpson's debt, &c. which also occasioned the statute, 1 James I., c. 13, for relief of plaintiffs in writs of execution, where the defendants in such writs are arrested, and set at liberty by Privilege of Parliament; by which a fresh prosecution and new execution may be had against them when that privilege ceases.

And again, in the nineteenth year of the same King's reign, one Johnson, a servant to Sir James Whitelock, a Member of the House of Commons, was arrested by two bailiffs; who being told that Sir James Whitelock was a Parliament-man, answered, that they had known greater men's servants than his taken from their masters in time of Parliament; and this appearing, the two bailiffs were sentenced to ask pardon of the House and Sir James Whitelock, on their knees; and to ride on one horse, bare-backed, back to back, from Westminster to the Exchange, with papers on their breasts signifying their offence; all which was to be executed presently, *sedente curia*.

Coke, in his *Institutes*, also tells us, that the King cannot take notice of any thing, said to be done in the House of Commons, but by the report of that House. And in Atkin's *Jurisdiction and Antiquities of the House of Commons*, the following instance is adduced in proof of this singular doctrine:

When Charles the First, being in the House of Commons, and sitting in the Speaker's chair, asked the then Speaker,

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whether certain Members, (whom the King named,) were present;—the Speaker, it is reported, from a presence of mind which arose from the genius of that House, readily answered, that he had "neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, but as the House was pleased to direct him." C. H.

EARLY ENGLISH SHIPPING.

(Continued from page 53.)

DURING some of the succeeding reigns, but few mariners appear to have been employed in English shipping: in 1304, the largest British man-of-war was manned but by forty sailors; and at the siege of Calais, in 1346, the number of men employed in Edward III.'s ships, did not average more than twenty in each; his fleet, nevertheless, was considerable, consisting of 700 English, and 38 foreign, vessels. Upon his invasion of France in 1359, he is said to have carried thither the enormous armament of 11,000 ships; which included all the vessels of Great Britain, of every size and description, which could be pressed into the king's service, from all the ports of England; and merchantmen coming into our roads, which had not yet made their destined ports, were unladed and applied to this purpose. By the accounts transmitted to Edward, from his naval parliament in 1344, it appears that Yarmouth and London boasted of shipping more numerous than any other ports in the kingdom.* Nevertheless, the complaints of the Commons in parliament on this subject, afford clear evidence that, notwithstanding the immense number of vessels alluded to in the foregoing paragraph, there was in reality a diminution in the shipping establishment of the realm; nor is it difficult to assign reasons for such a decrease. English ships, the private property of individuals, and English sailors, had small temptations to seek for support in a country where they might be, and were, both, most frequently seized on by government for the king's use; and where the greatest possible encouragement was given to merchant-strangers, (which were, by most solemn engagements, exempted from the action of the press warrant,) which monopolized trade, and which were encouraged by the British princes of this period, to the infinite detriment of their subjects, for the sake of the loans they were enabled to bestow upon them. To obviate this evil, was the design of the first navigation act, passed A. D. 1381, (*Statutes at Large*, 1381,) by which English mer-

* The naval parliament was assembled for the purpose of commanding every seaport town, to send commissioners to London in order to supply an exact account of the state of the shipping in Edward III.'s dominions at this period. Now Yarmouth and London were required to send four of these commissioners, whereas two, and even one, was the complement of many other of the great trading towns.

chants were compelled, under penalty of forfeiting all their cargoes embarked in foreign vessels, to freight with them none but English. When the act had had time, as it is technically termed, to work, it was quickly discovered that a procedure upon it tended greatly to interrupt and decrease the trade of native English merchants; it was, therefore, altered or repealed, and, in the following year, another act granted them permission to freight foreign vessels, when native ones could not be procured.

Few voyages of discovery appear to have been undertaken in the fourteenth century, either by British or foreign navigators, although the mariner's compass, invented as some assert by Flavis de Gioca of Almagro, A. D. 1302, or, as others hold, improved by him in its construction with eight points, was now in constant use. Nicholas de Lenna, however, a Carmelite friar, is asserted to have made five voyages towards the North Pole, in the reign of Edward III., and to have presented that monarch with a written description of the unknown countries and people he had found. The discovery of Madeira, attributed to Macham, an Englishman, (with the particulars of whose romantic story few are at this day unacquainted,) is placed in the year 1344. In the same year, Pope Clement VI. created Lewis of Spain, King of the Fortunate Islands, (supposed to be the Canaries,) though the fortunate monarch of these delightful regions had never the happiness of knowing exactly what they were, or whereabouts they might be situated! But the Canary Islands, truly and actually, were discovered in 1395, by some Spanish and French adventurers; and, according to Hakluyt, they seem to have been the furthest point towards the S. W. to which any Europeans had penetrated by sea at the conclusion of the fourteenth century. The cannon used in ships of war at this period, appear to have been few in number, and small in size, but little is this to be wondered at, when gunpowder, (if previously known to monkish chemists,) was not used with guns until A. D. 1340, when Edward III. possessed but four field-pieces, and these contributed to gain him the battle of Crécy. The munition of the vessel called the Queen's Hall, in which Queen Philippa was sent over to her husband, is thus described in Rymer's *Fœdera*: "Henry Somers, keeper of the private wardrobe in the Tower, delivered to William Loveney, treasurer to Queen Philippa for the armament of her ship,—two guns, forty pounds of powder for these guns, forty stone balls," &c.; whence it is apparent that one pound of powder was the charge for each of these guns.

The reign of Henry IV. was favourable to the interests of the British navy, as the French, Flemings, and Bretons, were com-

pelled to confess; to whom our king amply repaid the insults he had received from them during his contests with the Earl of Northumberland and his confederates. William de Wilford, admiral of the narrow seas, in an expedition against Brittany, captured forty of their ships, and burnt as many. The Earl of Kent did even greater mischief on the coast of Flanders, and the celebrated Henry Pays, admiral of the Cinque ports, took a fleet of French merchantmen of 120 sail.

Henry V. was equally victorious by sea and by land, and the fleets of England during his reign maintained their supremacy over the narrow seas. His brother, John, Duke of Bedford, in 1416, and the Earl of Huntingdon in the following year, obtained decisive naval victories over the combined fleets of France and Genoa, to the complete establishment of the maritime ascendancy of Britain for several years. Henry appears to have been the first English monarch who had ships of his own; amongst these have come down to us the names of two which he had on his first invasion of France,—the King's Chamber, and the King's Hall—large and beautiful vessels with purple sails; he also possessed, says a poet of his days, "The Trinity, the Grace-de-Dieu, and Holy Ghost," And other more, which now be lost."

The reign of the barbarous Richard III. was too brief and disturbed to allow of his attending to the maritime interests of this kingdom; their present footing, however, was too firm to permit their being lightly shaken; yet, as things which do not progress are invariably allowed to retrograde, in all human probability, the landing of his rival, the Duke of Richmond, and the subsequent loss of his crown and his life, might have been prevented had he taken sufficient care to guard the narrow seas. The reign of his predecessor had been favourable for the navy, Edward IV. paying great attention to mercantile and maritime affairs, and sometimes collecting large fleets, (of course we omit all mention of the mere nominal sovereignty of the murdered infant Edward V.); the ships, his own private property, he sometimes employed in commerce for himself, to the great augmentation of his treasures, and sometimes protected with them that of his people. And although the imbecile reign of Henry VI. and the turbulent one of Richard III. were little favourable to the naval interests of England in general, yet it will certainly appear to our readers that, in spite of occasional languor and discrepancies, the maritime power of Britain was, with her commerce, during the periods we have latterly surveyed, exceedingly strengthened and extended. Attempts were also beginning to be made to build ships of greater burden than those heretofore in use, after the fashion

of those Italian carracks which were now frequently seen in the British harbours. Still, no voyages of discovery seem to have been undertaken, or at least with any success, till the succeeding reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.

It is somewhat singular, that after the discovery of the New World, a rage seems to have prevailed in England, Scotland, and even France, of building ships, which were, by comparison with those of former periods, of immoderate size, strength, and tonnage. Henry VII. built several such, which, when not in service for the public, he freighted to the merchants. On the Great Harry he expended 14,000*l.*, a sum by no means small in our days, but immense, indeed, according to the then value of money. This vessel, properly speaking, the first ship in the English navy, was a merchantman of 250 tons, of uncommon magnitude, and tall and stout, (in her, Hawkins of Plymouth, made his three successful voyages to the Brazils and coast of Guinea—the first in the year 1530); and the men-of-war of this period were proportionably augmented in size and strength.

Henry VIII. built many large ships, and, amongst others, the Regent, of 1,000 tons, manned by 800 men; which having grappled with the Cordelier, a gigantic vessel belonging to the King of France, and accommodating 1,100 men, in an engagement off Brest, A. D. 1512, was burnt with her adversary, and every creature of both crews! In lieu of the Regent, Henry VIII. built the Henri Grace-de-Dieu, of 1,000 tons, which carried nineteen brass, and 103 iron, guns; 349 soldiers, 301 mariners, and fifty gunners. A complete and interesting description of this unwieldy machine appears in the fourth volume of the *Naval and Military Magazine*, (Quarterly,) to which we refer our readers; and proceed to give a corresponding account of a vessel built at much the same time by James IV. of Scotland, contemporary for four years with our eighth Harry. He resolved to present in his turn “a faultless monster” to old Ocean; it was to be, in fact, larger than any ship which had yet appeared; and it proves that the fancy for “big barkies” is far from new, though confined in our days to the prodigious ideas and genius of Brother Jonathan. Lindsay of Pitcottie has preserved a circumstantial description of the Great Michael, from the information afforded him by her quartermaster, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, and her master-skipper, Robert Bartyne:—

“In this same year, (1512,) the King of Scotland bigged a great ship, called the Great Michael, which was the greatest ship, and of the most strength, that ever sailed in England or France; for this ship was of so great stature, and took so much timber, that

except Falkland, she wasted all the woods in Fife, which was oak wood; besides all timber which was gotten out of Norway, for she was so strong, and of so great length and breadth: to wit, she was twelve score feet of length, and thirty-six feet within the sides. All the wrights of Scotland, yea, and many other strangers, were at her device by the King's commandment, who wrought very busily in her; but it was a year and a day ere she was complete. This great ship cumbered Scotland to get her to the sea. From that time that she was afloat and her masts and sails complete, with ropes and ancores officering thereto, she was counted to the King to be 30,000*l.* expense (equivalent to about 50,000*l.* of our present money), besides her artillery, which was very great and costly to the King, and besides all the rest of her furniture. She had 300 mariners to sail her, six score gunners to use her artillery, and had 1,000 men of war, besides her captains, skippers, and quartermasters.

“If any man believe that this description of the ship is not of verity, as we have written, let him pass to the gate of Tillibarden, and there before the same, ye will see the length and breadth of her, planted with hawthorn by the wright that helped to make her.” This ship, in 1514, was sold by the Duke of Albany to the King of France, for 40,000 francs.

Henry VIII. and James IV. both appear to have formed the design of raising a royal navy in their respective kingdoms; and Henry, who may justly be considered the founder of that of England, surviving James above thirty years, at least partially accomplished his intentions, and at his demise left a fleet superior to that of any of his predecessors, and inferior to that of no European prince whatsoever. The kings of the preceding reigns had used their vessels for war or commerce, as occasion required; and, with few exceptions latterly, had hired or pressed them from the merchants to whom they belonged as private property; but Henry VIII. left fifty-three ships, the possession of the crown, solely equipped for war.

To this prince, the nation is indebted for the establishment, A. D. 1512, of the Trinity House at Deptford, with similar maritime fraternities at Hull and Newcastle, for the purposes of instructing and examining pilots, erecting beacons, light-houses, and buoys, and preventing shipwrecks. He appointed a board of commissioners for the navy, erected naval storehouses, and formed the Woolwich and Deptford dockyards; he repaired harbours; expended on the port of Dover alone between 60 and 70,000*l.*; built strong forts at the mouths of rivers, and exposed parts of the coasts; cleared the sea of pirates, and passed several acts for the furtherance of internal navigation. In short, the obliga-

tions of the British navy to our bluff and turbulent Harry VIII. are numerous, weighty, and never to be forgotten. With this brief recital of the good deeds he performed in behalf of the maritime interests of his kingdom,—our country,—we close our glance at the history of England's ancient naval establishments, conceiving that the reign of Henry's Amazonian daughter, the illustrious Elizabeth, (and there is little or nothing to record during the intervening governments,) brings into, comparatively speaking, a modern era "the flag which has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze!"

Long, long may it continue so to do, and to wave supreme upon old Ocean; and if, thanks to a gracious Providence, the reign of England's naval king be destined to remain undistinguished in the annals of glorious, but mournful, battles and victories by sea,—may our sailors never lose their olden character for courage and activity; and may their civil governors never forget all that they owe to the brave men who are gone,—all that they continue to expect from their successors of the present day,—and so, may they never, in legislating for them, ungratefully abridge them of long-established and well-earned salaries, immunities, privileges, and comforts.

M. L. B.

Spirit of Discovery.

SYDNEY MECHANICS' SCHOOL OF ARTS.

(Concluded from page 72.)

THE next important item in the Reverend Vice-President's Address is a reference to a discovery of national value—an exhaustless magazine of purely siliceous sand, which constitutes the great bulk of the soil of Sydney. A member of the Committee of the School of Arts has lately ascertained the unrivalled excellence of Sydney sand in the manufacture of glass,—that most beautiful article of every-day use. Specimens of this glass, made wholly of Sydney sand, which had been sent to Great Britain for the express purpose of experiment, have been received from the first glass-manufacturers in London, who pronounce the manufactured article to be superior to that which their best home materials have enabled them to make. Pellatt and Green, the manufacturers in question, are employed to supply Government with glass made expressly for astronomical and other philosophical purposes: so that this announcement of theirs concerning the Sydney sand, is to be regarded as of essential importance to science in general. The glass in question is pronounced to be especially fitted for the formation of lenses: and this, at a time when accurate observation of optical phenomena occupies a prominent and singularly interesting portion of philosophical

investigation. Thus may it be that the barren rocks of Sydney are no less destined to become famous in the annals of philosophy, than the observatory at Parramatta, where there now labours for immortality another member of our committee, who is, probably, better fitted for turning this glass to advantage in the service of science, than any other single observer at present on the surface of the globe.

But in a commercial and economic view, this discovery may be of greater consequence to the Colony than appears at first sight. By taking this sand as dead weight, our wool exporters, it appears, will be enabled to ship a much larger cargo of wool in any given vessel; whilst the sand will be a profitable article of sale in the London market: and thus, by the export of this sand, will a double advantage be gained by the ship-owner, which will tell directly in favour of the growth of wool, the staple commodity of the Colony. Besides, the existence here of so large a supply of the principal ingredient in the composition of glass, affords grounds for estimating some of the advantages of erecting a manufactory on the spot. This estimate would, of course, take into consideration how far it might be possible to procure advantageously within the Colony the other principal ingredient in the compound. And this consideration would lead to the inquiry whether an additional advantage of some importance might not accrue to the community from the preparation of potash from the wood of the country. Hitherto in clearing land, the wood has, generally speaking, been burned profitlessly; and the expense of clearing has been a heavy item in a settler's list of disbursements. But were a glass manufactory established, all the potash that could be collected from the burning of wood, might be disposed of, to the great relief of the settler. It is well known, that in America, the preparation of potash from the wood of the country pays half the expense of clearing the ground: and although the wood of New Holland is less fitted for yielding potash than that of America, yet it may safely be affirmed, that it will be found to yield a quantity sufficiently large to render the collection of it a matter of importance to the agriculturist.

Thus it is, that one benefit hinges on another; and a single discovery, apparently in its origin of little value, may become the parent of many advantages, and often involve consequences of national importance.

But apart from higher considerations, there are others of less ambitious bearing, yet of more immediate value, which merit mention in elucidating the importance of the objects of this Institution. These considerations may be classed under the head of the *prevention of the evils of ignorance*. The mischiefs done, the risks run, the time wasted,

the loss sustained, in the routine of mechanical operations, in consequence of the blundering of ignorant or unskilful workmen, would admit of exemplification drawn from every department of human labour. The expenses of unskilful workmanship to the community is enormous. It has been calculated that half the sum which ignorant workmanship has cost the British nation, would have paid the expense of educating all England. It is only by entering into details that the enormity of the expense can be properly exhibited. People seldom think of making the computation: yet a few remarks, by leading the mind upon the tract of observation, will be sufficient to bring into view the importance of counteracting so serious an evil. Instances in domestic life will occur readily to every one. A valuable chandelier, it may be, is insecurely suspended. At an unexpected moment it falls, is destroyed of course, breaks in its fall a valuable vase, a respected heir-loom of the family, which happens to be on the table, and damages the table seriously to boot. The panes of a window have been unskilfully glazed; a storm of more than ordinary violence blows a whole sashful of them into the drawing-room, deluges and damages the apartment; occasioning a serious loss of property, besides a large load of annoyance and discomfort to individuals of the family. In any complicated building whatever, it is seldom that the blunders in the various parts, although scarcely suspected to be blunders by the workmen themselves, occasioning delays, destruction of material, and loss of labour, would not, if strictly estimated, be found to augment the actual expense of the structure, a fourth, or a fifth, of what it might otherwise have cost. A door is hung on the wrong side of the doorway: it has to be unhung, and suspended on the other side, occasioning a certain expenditure of time, and a certain amount of damage to the materials. Too great a weight is laid upon the frame of a roof: the tie-beams yield, and the abutments are put in jeopardy. The building must be unroofed, and a loss of labour and destruction of material are the consequences, which bear a large proportion to the cost of the whole. A new market-place has to be constructed, partly of stone, partly of carpentry. The wood-work is formed out of proportion to the masonry: the whole has to be lowered several inches. A waste of labour and materials is the result, amounting to a considerable item in the cost of the whole erection; besides that, in the correction of the error, the risk is run of upsetting the entire affair, masonry and all. From the faulty construction of a steam-engine boiler, an explosion takes place; part of the machinery is deranged; part of the buildings destroyed; the engine-man scalded to death,

and several attendants maimed for life.—To proceed in this train of particularization, however, would be endless. It is in the power of every one for himself to supply instances from his own experience, sufficient to produce conviction of the magnitude of that benefit, which must accrue to the community from the counteraction of the large class of evils here brought into review. It is to be taken into account, moreover, that it is from want of education, that there exists that universal aversion among workmen to alter long-established processes, which forms no inconsiderable bar to the progress of general improvement. It has been remarked by an able reviewer of the state of art and the progress of knowledge among different nations, that in England the prejudice on the part of workmen, against the adoption of alterations in their routine of operations, is remarkably strong. And as a proof of this, and, at the same time, as an evidence of the benefit reaped by the peculiar locality where Mechanics' Schools had their origin, it is stated as an important fact, that there were twenty-five steamboats plying on the river Clyde before one was established on the Thames.

[The Address is not concluded in the present, but promised in the future, Number. We shall not overlook its completion, as the document altogether presents an interesting picture of the resources of the Colony. There are, besides, other matters in the *New South Wales Magazine*, which demand our especial attention; for they are treasurable records in this book of beginnings. The motto to the Journal is a happy editorial choice:

For that same land much larger is than this,
And other men, and birds, and beasts doth feed;
There fruitful corn, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Spenser.]

The Naturalist.

WATERSPOUTS.

WATERSPOUTS are among the most terrific of atmospheric phenomena. They are rarely witnessed in our climate; but, in warmer latitudes, they are not of uncommon occurrence.

Naturalists are not, therefore, at a loss to explain the origin of the waterspout. It is obvious, say they, that the phenomenon is caused by a change in the atmosphere when full of clouds, by different contrary currents of air opposing one another; perhaps, in the same manner as may be seen in streams of water, which, by the intervention of some body, are variously thrown into whirlpools, which, by their circular motion, carry down a conical column of air in their centres. In other words, they may be described as a whirlpool of water in the air. In this manner we may suppose, that when the atmo-

sphere is surcharged with gross and heavy vapours, put into violent motion by contending winds, one of which must prove the most powerful, they may force one another into a circular or spiral motion, to the centre of which the grossest and heaviest parts inclining, as is the case in all fluid bodies, they form into a body which we see descend.

Mr. Main, an able illustrator of meteorological phenomena, refers the frequent occurrence of waterspouts in the Indian Ocean, to the convergency of the air and the clouds to the spaces left unoccupied by the heavy and impetuous rains which precede them. "These generate various and contrary currents of air, whirling the clouds in violent commotion; partial tornadoes are consequently created; these, by their vertiginous course, affect the adjacent and surrounding vapours, drawing them into the vortices. The grosser parts of this whirling body of vapour naturally incline to the centre of the tornado, and there coalescing, form the aqueous column called a waterspout."

Sometimes, a waterspout at sea fills the beholder with indescribable terror, at the double dangers of the stormy skies and the troubled deep. The weight and velocity of such a body falling into the ocean, agitate and throw up the water in a surprising manner, till it is exhausted; when it disappears gradually, as it began.

Captain Beechey, when off Clermont Tonere, one of the numberless coral islands which gem the South Pacific Ocean, had, with the crew of *H. M. S. Blossom*, a narrow escape from a waterspout of more than ordinary size. It approached them amidst heavy rain, thunder, and lightning, and was not seen until it was very near the ship. As soon as they were within its influence, a gust of wind obliged them to take in every sail; and the topsails, which could not be furled in time, were in danger of splitting. The wind blew with great violence, momentarily changing its direction, as if it were sweeping round in short spirals: the rain, which fell in torrents, was also precipitated in curves, almost unceasingly. Amidst this thick shower, the waterspout was discovered, descending in a tapering form from a dense stratum of cloud, to within thirty feet of the water, where it was hid by the foam of the sea being whirled upwards with a tremendous gyration. It changed its direction after it was first seen, and threatened to pass over the ship; but, being diverted from its course by a heavy gust of wind, it gradually receded. On the dispersion of this magnificent phenomenon, the column diminished gradually, and at length retired to the cloud, from whence it had descended, in an undulating form.

The intimate connexion of these formations with electricity, or clouds surcharged with electric matter, has often been referred to

in explaining them generally. On the present occasion, a ball of fire was observed to be precipitated into the sea; and one of the *Blossom's* boats, which was away from the ship, was so surrounded by lightning, that the lieutenant thought it advisable to get rid of the anchor, by hanging it some fathoms under water, and to cover the seamen's muskets. From the accounts of this officer, and one of the mates, who were at a distance from the ship, the column of the waterspout first descended in a spiral form, until it met the ascending column a short distance from the sea, as shown in fig. 1.



(Fig. 1.)

Second and third spouts were afterwards formed, and exhibited the trifurcated appearance in fig. 2.

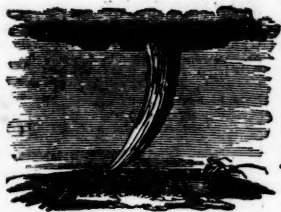


(Fig. 2.)

The three forks subsequently united into one large column, as seen in fig. 3; again

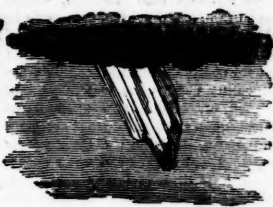


(Fig. 3.)



(Fig. 4.)

(Aërial Waterspout at Edinburgh, in 1828.)



(Fig. 5.)

they separated into three small spirals, and then dispersed. Captain Beechey considers it not impossible that the highly rarefied air, confined by the woods encircling the lagoon (coral) islands, may contribute to the formation of these phenomena.

The barometer was not sensibly affected by this partial disturbance of the atmosphere; but the temperature underwent a change of eight degrees, falling from 82° to 74° ; at midnight it rose to 78° . On the day succeeding this occurrence, several waterspouts were seen in the distance, the weather being squally and gloomy.*

The forms of these phenomena are extremely various; and, in illustration, here are the figures assumed by a waterspout, seen in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, in the summer of 1828. This was an aerial waterspout, and is of rarer occurrence than those we have hitherto illustrated. The appearances, as follow, are detailed in the *Philosophical Magazine*:

"A light dusky cloud of a funnel shape was seen in a north-westerly direction, clearly relieved from a darker cloud behind. It was evidently transfusing the contents of a very dense and dark black cloud into one immediately below, with which it formed the only connexion. At this time, the lower extremity of the waterspout was bent from the direction of the wind, being N.E.; the upper cloud was moving in a *contrary* direction. In a very few minutes it reached its greatest distinctness, and a manifest transfusion of the contents was taking place, the column presenting the appearance of smoke or steam, and the undulation at the edges was scarcely perceptible. The form it assumed at this period is shown in the engraving, (fig. 4,) according to a sketch made shortly after, the lower extremity being turned towards the west. The undulations at the edges gradually increasing in distinctness, the waterspout grew less elongated, and the bottom turned in a direction contrary to the wind, which

below still remained in the same point. The cloud above had now become less dense, while the one below increased in blackness, and that quarter of the sky became more generally dark; it then became short, with a broad, conical termination, nearly as represented at fig. 5. During this change, the currents descending on the east, and ascending on the west side, presented at the bottom the appearance of violent ebullition. The waterspout then merged into the cloud above, and, in about twenty minutes after being first observed, it wholly disappeared.

"The weather had been dry and sultry, (temperature $61^{\circ}3$), and the air appeared highly electrified. The change which followed was very remarkable. Partial torrents of rain fell in the direction in which the phenomenon was observed; and it was remarked in the vicinity of the place where the spout was noticed, that such a fall of rain had seldom been seen, although *there* only a few drops fell. The shower appears to have moved from the N.W. A very curious effect was observed upon the dusty roads, which were *extremely partially soaked* in that direction."

PRICES OF NATURAL HISTORY SPECIMENS.

THE following prices have been actually asked and given, according to the *Naturalist's Poetical Companion*, for some of our British insects; many of which are, beyond question, much rarer than some of our most precious gems. *Butterflies*:—Queen of Spain, Fritillary, thirty-five shillings a pair; Purple Emperor, thirty shillings a pair; Camberwell Beauty, thirty shillings a pair; large Copper Lycæna, thirty shillings a pair; White Admiral, fourteen shillings a pair. *Moths*:—Kentish Glory, twenty-five shillings a pair; Death's-head, twenty shillings a pair; and Whittlesea Mere Ermine, three shillings a pair. *Beetles*:—Mr. John Walton, (*Entomological Magazine*), says of *Licinus Silphoides*, a species of beetle, "I have captured upwards of five hundred specimens in two successive years; and it is surprising that an insect so common, and to be found

* The figures and the substance of the details are from the very interesting Narrative of Captain Beechey's Voyage, 4to. 1831.

in so many habitats near London, should have been so rare, a few years back, as to be estimated to be worth a guinea a pair: I apprehend they are now at a discount, for I cannot get rid of my duplicates." The stag-beetle, (*Lucanus Cervus*), is usually sold at the rate of ten, or, (if fine large specimens,) fourteen shillings a pair. But what are these prices compared to the sum, viz. eighty-three guineas, paid by Mr. Donovan for a single specimen of a bird, called the swift-foot (*Cursorius Isabellinus*). Of some rare species of shells, many hundred pounds are recorded to have been given for single specimens. J. H. F.

Temple.

The Public Journals.

THE NUN OF LANDISFERN.

Young Linda sprang from a lofty line;
But though come of such high degree,
The meekest that knelt at St. Cuthbert's shrine
Was not so humble of heart as she—

Her soul was meek exceedingly,
She told her beads by the midnight lamp;
Forlorn she sat in the cloister damp;
The world and its vanities all forsaken;
For the veil and vows of a nun she had taken.
Soft were the visions from on high
That passed before her saintly eye;
Sweetly on her ravished ear
Fell the soul of music near—
Music more lovely than vesper hymn,
Or the strains of starry cherubim,
Or the witching tones of melody sent
From sweetest earthly instrument.
Her thoughts were radiant and sublime,
And ever arose to the heavenly clime;
Her aspirations sought the sky
Upon the wings of Piety.
For more divinely pure were they
Than morning of a summer day,
Or the snow-white cloud that sleeps upon
The palm-crowned top of Lebanon.

To visit this maiden of mortal birth,
An angel of heaven came down to earth.
He left the bright celestial dome,
His sweet and everlasting home,
Where choral cherubs on the wing
Of Love are ever wandering;
But the glorious regions of the sky
He floated, all unheeded, by;
Their splendours!—what were they to him
Who shone among the seraphim,
And saw the throne of God arise
Unveiled before his mystic eyes?

He sought the spot where the holy maid
In vestal snow-white was arrayed—
'Twas in the chapel dim and cold
Of Landisfern's black convent old.
Meek and solemn and demure
Was her saintly look—and pure
As the fountains of eternity
The glance of heaven in her eye.
At the sacred altar kneeling,
Her aspect turned up to the ceiling,
She seemed, so pallid and so lone,
A form of monumental stone.

Each nun hath heard the convent-bell—
Each nun hath hied her to her cell;
And the Ladye-Abbess hath forsaken
Heavenly thoughts till she awaken:
Linda alone, with her glimmering lamp,
Will not forsake the chapel damp.

Rapt in delicious ecstasy,
Visions come athwart her eye;
Music on her ear doth fall
With a tone celestial:
And a thousand forms, by fancy bred,
Like halos, hover round her head.
But what doth Linda now behold
From that chapel, damp and cold?
She sees—she sees the angel bright
Descending through the fields of light;
For, although dark before, the sky
Was now lit up with a golden dye,
And wore a hue right heavenly.

"Do I slumber?" quoth the maid,
Of this vision half afraid—
"Do I slumber, do I dream?
Or art thou what thou dost seem—
One of that glorious choir who dwell
Round the throne of the Invisible,
Listening with heart-stricken awe
To the thunders of His law—
And now, in the light of loveliness,
Comest down the sons of men to bless?"

"Daughter of Earth!" the angel said,
"I am a spirit—thou a maid.
I dwell within a land divine;
But my thoughts are not more pure than thine.
Whilome, by the command of Heaven,
To me thy guardianship was given;
And if on earth thou couldst remain
Twice nine years without a stain,
Free from sin or sinful thought,
With a saintlike fervour fraught,
Thy inheritance should be
In the bowers of sanctitie,
Side by side, for ever with me.
Thou hast been pure as the morning air,
Pure as the downy gossamer—
Sinful thought had never part
In the chambers of thy heart—
Then, thy mansion-house of clay,
Linda, quit, and come away!"

Morning heard the convent-bell,
And each nun hath left her cell;
And to chapel all repair,
To say the holy matins there.
At the marble altar kneeling,
Eyes upraised unto the ceiling,
With the cross her hands between,
Saintly Linda's form was seen.
Death had left his pallid trace
On the fair lines of her face;
And her eye that wont to shine,
With a ray of light divine,
At the chant of matin hymn,
Now was curtains o'er and dim.
Pale as alabaster stone—
"Where hath sister Linda gone?"
Quoth the Ladye-Abbess, in solemn mood,
"She hath passed away to the land of the good;
For, though a child of mortal birth,
She was too holy, far, for earth."

Fraser's Magazine.

SKETCHES OF HUMAN FOLLY.

The Dead Alive.

ONE of the most extraordinary instances that have fallen within my notice, so far as concerns the general faith in the existence of spirits, and consequently in the possibility of the dead returning again to life, is the story of Johannes Cantius, which was related to Dr. Henry More by a Silesian physician, and the truth of which cannot be disputed. I do not, of course, mean to express my belief in the tale that Cantius after his death appeared again in his native town; it is certain, how-

ever, that his townsmen were violently agitated for some time by rumours to that effect, and that these rumours were credited to a great extent throughout the whole province of Silesia.

Cantius was one of the aldermen of the town of Pertsch, and bore a high reputation for integrity and good sense. The Mayor sent for him one day to assist in settling a dispute which had taken place between some wagoners and a merchant of Pannonia. When the reference was brought to a conclusion, the Mayor invited Cantius to supper; the invitation was accepted. The supper, as usual in all mansion-houses, was excellent, and nobody enjoyed the feast more than Cantius, who frequently exclaimed, while he quaffed the Mayor's best Rhenish, "It is good to be merry while we may, for mischiefs grow up daily." Being obliged, however, to leave the party early, in consequence of a journey which he had to perform, he returned home, went to his stable, and ordered out one of his geldings. When the horse was led to the door, it appeared to have lost a shoe. Cantius lifted the leg of the animal to look at the hoof, when it gave him a violent kick in the stomach. He cried out immediately that he was a dead man, for that his interior was all on fire. He fell sick, and exhibited the greatest agony of mind, saying that his sins were so enormous that they could never be forgiven. This disclosure was so inconsistent with the general habits of his life, that no person could account for it, until by some means it was discovered, or suspected, that, with a view to secure his worldly interests, he had sold his soul to the Prince of Darkness. It was then remembered, that, though a prosperous man, his riches came to him very suddenly, and that a mysterious black cat was seen frequently in his company. The moment of his death was signalized by the commencement of an awful tempest, which raged at his funeral still more tremendously; but when he was buried, all was calm again, as if the earth had been relieved of the presence of some demon.

After he was buried, a rumour arose that a spirit was seen walking about on the premises of the late alderman. The report received "confirmation strong" from the watchman of the ward, who deposed that he heard unusual noises in the house, as if persons were within it, throwing the furniture and every thing else about in the most reckless manner. He added that the gates, which were carefully barred every night, were found wide open very early in the morning, although nobody was known to have withdrawn the bolts, or to have passed through the gates. The agitation of the scene extended even to the late worthy alderman's horses. They appeared in the morning covered all over with foam, as if they had been ridden vast distances

during the night, and yet it would appear, from the strange noises they made, that they had never been out of the stable. The dogs performed their part in the general incantation, for they kept the whole town awake, by barking and howling the night long in a most extraordinary manner.

A maid-servant of Pertsch, who paid peculiar attention to the transactions that were going on, swore that she heard some person riding up and down the stairs on horseback, and galloping through the rooms. The house shook to its foundation, and she thought every moment that it would tumble about her ears. The windows were filled with flashes of a lurid light. The new master of the house, not knowing what to think of the matter, went out one morning to explore the adjacent territory; snow was on the ground, and he clearly traced upon it the impressions of feet, which were neither those of the horse, nor the cow, nor of any known animal. But the alarm of the town became indescribable, when it was ascertained that Cantius had been actually seen by several persons riding up and down in the courtyard of his *cidevant* domicile, and not only here, but also in the public streets, and along the neighbouring valleys and hills, with a terrific rapidity, as if he had been chased by some infernal huntsman. The ground flashed with fire as he fled on his courser over the rocks and ridges of the mountains.

At one time Cantius was seen wrestling with an unhappy Jew, and torturing him with the most wanton ferocity. At another, a wagoner reported that, as he was approaching the town, Cantius met him and vomited fire in his face. The parson of the parish was every night rolled backward and forward in his bed by Cantius, who did not leave him until he was quite exhausted. The parson's wife was treated in the same manner by Cantius, who usually penetrated through the casement in the shape of a dwarf. A boy's lips were found pressed together in such a way that he could not open them again. This was the work of Cantius. At a certain hour of the night, the candles burned with a dismal blue flame. It was the sure token of the approach of Cantius. Bowls filled overnight with milk were found empty in the morning, or the milk was turned into blood; old men were discovered in their beds strangled; the water in the fountains was defiled; cows were already sucked dry when the milkmaid claimed her usual tribute; dogs were seen dead with their brains knocked out; and the poultry disappeared—all these extraordinary occurrences were the doings of Cantius.

In the shades of evening a head appeared looking out from the window of an old tower; suddenly it changed its form, and assumed that of a long staff, or a horrible

monster—it was Cantius. In short, so numerous were the shapes which this unquiet ghost assumed, and such was the terror which he excited among the good folks of Pertsch, that travellers avoided the town, trade decayed, and the citizens were impoverished so much, that measures were at length taken for the purpose of ascertaining whether the alderman was dead or alive. Accordingly, a body of the people proceeded to open his grave; all his neighbours non-existent who had been buried before or after him, were found to have undergone the usual process of “dust to dust,” while the cuticle of Johannes was as soft and florid, and his limbs as supple, as if he had only just fallen asleep. A staff was put into his hand; he grasped it with the strength of a giant. His eyes opened and closed again. A vein in his leg was lanced, and blood issued from it in a copious stream. All this happened after Cantius had been reputed to have occupied his grave six months. An inquest was held on the body, for which there was a precedent in the case of a shoemaker of Breslaw; and the judges condemned the alderman to be burnt. But a difficulty still remained to be got over; for, with all the efforts they could make, they could not remove the body from the grave, it was so heavy. At length the citizens had the good luck to discover the horse which had killed Cantius; and, though the tug was tremendous, this animal succeeded in disinterring the remains. Another formidable obstacle to the absolute dissipation of the body remained to be conquered; it was placed over a fire, but it would not burn! It was then cut in small pieces, which were reduced to ashes, and the spirit of Cantius never appeared again! This is a very extraordinary story. But its preservation, and the minuteness with which it details so great a variety of circumstances, clearly show that, even if it had been wholly invented, it must have been, at all events, suited to the credulity of the age.

The Laughing Skull.

I have read many wonderful things about Ireland, in a strange, legendary account of that country I have met with; but the tradition of the Laughing Skull possesses a sort of horrible drollery altogether unequalled. It is said that a comic actor or minstrel, by name Clepsanus, once flourished in that island, who was the Liston of his time; his face was such a farce in itself, that any person, no matter how much oppressed by the most agonizing grief at the moment, who looked at him, found it absolutely impossible to avoid laughing. Having fretted his hour upon the stage of this life, he made his exit, and was buried in the churchyard, where, in due course of time, all that was mortal of

him disappeared save his pericranium. The grave-digger, while making room in the same spot for a new claimant, shovelled up the skull of the minstrel, and without at all remembering to whom it had once belonged, placed it on a large stone that was on the surface of the earth. Some stragglers came into the churchyard, and happening to approach the said stone, they set up such a peal of laughter that the grave-digger was astonished. He looked about to ascertain the cause of their mirth, when his eye falling on that part of the caput, from which the mouth and tongue of Clepsanus had formerly set many an audience in a roar, he, too, yielded to the contagion, and laughed until he could dig no longer. The funeral train, for whose reception he had been preparing, next appeared, rending the air with that melancholy howl, which even yet may be heard in some parts of Ireland on such occasions. But as the procession advanced, and reached within view of the skull of Clepsanus, the notes were suddenly changed to shouts of irresistible merriment. The tradition adds, that this singular relic might be seen even within a century or two ago.

Sorcery, and Sacrifice of the Cock.

It is remarkable that the sacrifice of a cock seems to have been an indispensable part of the operations of enchantment in almost every part of the world. The charge of having made an offering of this description, was one of the accusations upon which the celebrated Galigai was condemned to the scaffold in France, in the early part of the seventeenth century. This unfortunate court favourite was born in the lowest ranks of society. Her mother was the nurse of Marie de Medicis; and when this princess went to France, in the year 1600, to marry Henry IV., Galigai, then the wife of an Italian named Concini, attended her as *femme de chambre*. She speedily acquired so great an ascendancy over the mind of the queen, that as Mezerai, the historiographer of France, informs us, she directed not only her Majesty's attachments, but also her antipathies. She certainly encouraged, if she did not generate, the misunderstanding which prevailed for several years between Henry and his consort. The jealousy of the latter was awakened by well-wrought tales of Galigai's invention; and so formidable even to the peace of the royal household were the intrigues of this woman, that the king adopted measures more than once for expelling her from the country. But these measures were uniformly defeated by the queen, who, under the able advice of her *confidante*, succeeded in compelling John de Medicis, the principal agent of the king on this occasion, to quit France altogether.

The death of Henry IV. (assassinated by

Ravaillac,) placed not only the queen, but I may add the interests of the kingdom, entirely in the hands of Galigai. Her ambition knew no bounds. Her husband was raised to the dignity of Maréchal d'Ancre, and provided with a munificent income. Her apartments in the palace were soon crowded with courtiers of the first rank in the country. She had the insolence to shut her doors against them, whenever she chose to be relieved from their importunities. It was said that when she thus secreted herself, she was employed in incantations, the object of which was to preserve her influence over the queen, and to render it immutable. The young king, Louis XIII., was one day playing in his apartments, which were near those of the maréchal. Disturbed by the noise, she went and told him that he must desist; for that the noise gave her the *migraine*. Outraged by her audacity, the youth answered, that if his noises reached her chamber, Paris was large enough for her to choose another. This slight occurrence got bruited abroad, and conduced not a little to direct the tide of public opinion against both Galigai and her husband; they were hated by the king, the nobility, and the people.

Several persons, who evinced peculiar hostility to the two adventurers, died in a mysterious manner. Their deaths were publicly attributed to the contrivances of the maréchale, to which her magical powers enabled her to have recourse. Concini was assassinated by the direct orders of the king. She heard the intelligence without a tear—without even the slightest emotion. But when she was informed that his body was exhumed, and burnt as that of a convicted sorcerer, she trembled for the fate that impended over herself. She was ordered to the Bastille. Before she was removed from her apartments, they were plundered of every description of property which they contained,—her splendid furniture, her matchless caskets filled with jewels, and even of her wearing apparel,—under the pretence of searching for the instruments of her supernatural operations. She was obliged to appear before a commission specially appointed to try her. She was accused of being cognizant of the treason of Ravaillac, and of assisting him to carry his designs into execution. But the principal charge against her was that of sorcery; and in proof of her guilt, certain letters were produced, which were written by her secretary, addressed to a Jewish physician named Montallo. It was deposed that after the arrival of this Italian Jew at Paris, the maréchale ceased to attend mass, and that she very frequently carried in her mouth small balls of wax, from which she divined whether her enemies were likely to die or live. It was further stated by her own coachman, that he had seen her sacrifice a cock in the

church at midnight; and the procureur-général cited several authorities from Hebrew books to show that this oblation was Jewish and pagan, and could have had no other object in view than that of contributing to the magical ceremonies practised by the prisoner. It appeared also in evidence, that the maréchale frequently expressed her repugnance to be looked at by particular persons because they enchanted her; and that she was known to have often consulted Isabel, a famous sorceress at Paris in those days. Amulets were produced which she admitted to have worn, according to the common practice of the age, as preservatives against the powers of darkness; and several Hebrew books, which were said to have been found in her cabinet, were brought forward as proofs of the illicit means which she had adopted, in order to enslave the mind of the queen. "My only sorcery," she nobly exclaimed, when interrogated on this point, "has been the power which a strong mind must always exercise over a weak one." She met her death with great firmness; the catastrophe was afterwards celebrated in a tragedy entitled, "The Foreign Magician."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

New Books.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR EGERTON BRYDGES BART.

(Continued from page 64.)

[ON retiring from his military occupation, in 1797, Sir Egerton gave himself up to literature, as far as distracted affairs would permit him. He compiled a new edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, and collected *Memoirs of the Peers of James I.* He also wrote his novel of *Arthur Fitzalbin*, of which all the copies were instantly sold; and which gave great offence to some of his country neighbours, who supposed their characters alluded to. In 1792, Sir Egerton bought the old manor-house and estate of Denton. The former was a roomy, massy mansion, with a noble gallery over the first story, seventy feet long; and a hall about forty feet square. The character of its position is best described by the poet Gray, in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton. Sir Egerton found the mansion "gone much to ruin:" he repaired it, as may be imagined, expensively; indeed, it cost him 8,000*l*. Here he resided till the autumn of 1810, during the interval of eighteen years, taking up the amusement of agriculture on a large scale, without looking into his bailiff's accounts, or attending to the details of the management: corn and stock brought high prices, but Sir Egerton lost large sums of money by his farm: his thoughts were always on his books and airy visions: he tells us that "it

was a life of mingled pleasure and extreme anxiety." He loved "its quiet scenery, its solitude, its books, and literary occupations; but it would have required a gigantic strength, or obduracy of mind, to have suffered its interposing persecutions without the deepest disturbance of spirits;" and Sir Egerton confesses from experience, that among the most comfortless of human miseries, pecuniary embarrassment stands pre-eminent.

Sir Egerton married at the age of twenty-two—much too early—with inadequate income and no economy. He soon became involved; yet he had no personal expenses; he neither cared for dress, nor equipages, outdoor amusements, nor society; if he was left in quiet with his books and his pen, he was content. But he tells us that quiet was never his destiny. His mismanagement involved him in the meshes of debt; he lived in peril, and slept in fever and anxiety; he had many dull, brutal, and cruel neighbours: they did everything to traduce him, and in their society he felt as among a pack of hungry hounds, who would devour him. Yet Sir Egerton is revenged on his neighbours, many of whom were descended from high families: their spirit was gone, and nothing had descended to their successors, or their posterity: he rode away from them on his fiery blood-horse. He thus draws the picture of his own condition:—]

I lived at a vast expense without the smallest management: my household was numerous, though not for show; my butcher's weekly bill amounted to a sum that would appear incredible; and my horses ate up the produce of all my meadows and oat-fields, though those which I held in hand were numerous. In short, mine was a sort of "Castle Rack-rent," in which all was disorder, and all was waste, while those that plundered me most, and lived on me most, abused me most; and I then spent more in a week than I now spend in three months. Confusion grew upon confusion; and every day it became a more tremendous task to look into things. This was exactly what my neighbours enjoyed. They saw me live at a vast expense without comfort, or that vain ostentation on which they valued themselves, and which they kept up at a fourth of the cost which was exhausting me, and diminishing that strength which they envied and hated.

I had a good collection of biographical, genealogical, and historical works, as far as concerned England, and I was well conversant with their contents. I combined, compared, and criticized. Sometimes I rose early, and worked late: no sorrows or cares lessened my avidity for reading, though they often paralyzed my power of composition. I had a feverish curiosity for new publications; and my booksellers, Messrs. Longman,

had the goodness to supply them most abundantly,—and, I must add, a great part gratuitously. At that time a new book was like wine to me, and produced a temporary delirium of oblivion. Then my enthusiasms were all awakened, in defiance of earthly oppressions. I had a noble room for my library, and beautiful scenery around me. Before me rose a hill skirted with wood; and behind, another hill more precipitous, at the foot of which the mansion stood, and over the brow of which was placed the dear old seat in which I was born; to the east ran those meadows of emerald green, of which Gray the poet speaks in his letters.

I had a large family of children, and saw but little company, except my own alliances,—visiting my mother at Canterbury once a week, and sometimes oftener.

[Of his correspondence, Sir Egerton tells us:—]

In 1807, I received a beautiful letter from Mr. Southey, giving a character of John Bampfylde, which I had mislaid for more than twenty years, but lately recovered. I also corresponded with Hayley, Capel Lofft, Dunster, Archdeacon Wrangham, Gillies, Gilchrist, Lodge, Park, Dibdin, Pennington, Abbott, Sir Walter Scott, Bliss, Davenport, Blakeway, and many others. It was, I think, in 1806, that I undertook to give a new edition of Collins's *Peerage*, which was not published till July, 1812, in nine volumes, thick 8vo; and at this time also I began the *Censura Literaria*, which was carried on to ten volumes; this was followed by the *British Bibliographer*, four volumes; and *Restituta*, four volumes, which last ended in 1816; so that I was engaged ten years in the conduct of a monthly periodical, which, it is admitted, has revived much curious matter of our old literature, then buried in scarce books. There was not much mind in all this; it was principally manual labour.

[In 1806 or 1807, Sir Egerton became a candidate to represent Dover; but there was no opening for him. This leads him to speak of Cambridge and Pitt.]

I drank tea with Dr. Browne, the head of the college, and friend of Gray, the recollection of whom made me look upon this respectable and amiable survivor with veneration. The walls of the college were sacred to me on this account; and I thought I saw the spirit of the bard two or three times glide across my eyes. It was my nature

"To seek each haunt, and love each sacred shade,
By godlike poets venerable made!"

When about the year 1779, I visited Winchester School, and saw the name of *William Collins* written on the walls, it ran through my veins, and filled me with waking dreams for a day or two. In my own college of Queen's, Erasmus resided for some time, and I never entered the rooms he inhabited

without a delightful awe. We had scarce any poets at that time at Cambridge, unless Dr. Glyn of King's: poetry was never in fashion there even in Gray's time; nothing was valued but mathematics. Gray was neglected, and often even affronted at this University, and it is strange that he continued to live on there; but it had many conveniences for a single man of small income, and there was the attraction of rich libraries—and, above all, habit. Probably more stir in society would have brought out more fruits from a copious mind, which suffered its riches to expire within it. Dante, Petrarca, Tasso, Spenser, Milton, Dryden—all led active lives. Byron was always in action. Indolence infallibly produces ennui and feebleness. What mind ever did so much as Burke's?—and all his days he was engaged in the bustle of public life.

Pitt derived nothing from the air of the place where Spenser studied and Gray passed a great part of his existence. He had no poetical ideas or feelings, and for this want many will say that he was the better statesman—an opinion which I cannot at all admit. If this theory be true, then Burke was a very bad statesman; and Clarendon, Somers, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Fox, Chatham, Sheridan, Windham, and Canning, were also unfitted for such public services. Pitt did not see far enough, because he saw nothing by the blaze of imagination.

I was never introduced to Pitt: I saw him sometimes in the field, on hunting days, when he came down to Walmer. He seemed to delight in riding hard, with his chin in the air; but I believe had no skill as a sportsman—seeking merely exercise, and thinking, as Dryden says, that it was

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for his noxious draught."

[Sir Egerton calls attachment to the spot of his birth a "mischievous prejudice;" but, even after a residence of fifteen years on the Continent, he thus speaks of Denton:—]

I had many attractions and many enjoyments there. I had a spacious, ancient house, a noble gallery, a handsome library, emerald meadows, spreading woods, varied ground, wild walks, and healthy air. I had a small parish under my own patronage, and uninterfered with, and I had several adjoining manors. I have the four neighbouring churches still under my nomination—Denton, Wootton, Swingfield, and Kingston—altogether of the value of about 1,100*l.* a year. I was in a peninsular corner, surrounded by the sea from the South Foreland to the North Foreland, from Dungeness Point and Hythe to Margate, and Whitstable, and Herne Bay. It was a delightful variety of country and picturesque scenery; and the Cathedral of Canterbury, wherever its noble and graceful tower could be seen, formed a beautiful fea-

ture. I thought every day when I went to Canterbury, and passed in the valley the old rectory-house of Bishopsbourne, of humble Richard Hooker, and the mighty mind that produced the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. My father used to tell me to read that book as an example of a nervous, pure, and masterly style. Once, and only once, my father spoke to me in terms of literary encouragement; it was the last summer of his life; we were going for a ride: on some occasion he dropped the words "*your genius*," and they have ever since hung like a charm upon my ear. He was a stern-minded man, a severe reasoner, and a man of business, but grave and unimaginative. I never saw him take up, or heard him cite, a book of poetry or fiction.

In the early part of the precent century the families of gentry in this neighbourhood produced many men who made their names known in the world by their literary attainments—as Sandys, Digges, Cowper, Hammond, Harflete, Boys, Bargrave, Hales, &c., and Swift's ancestor was rector of Kingston, the next parish to Hooker's, Bishopsbourne. Dover produced Bishop White Kennet, and the ancestors of the very eminent Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; and at the adjoining parish of Westcliffe lived the ancestors of the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

[The following is truly characteristic of Sir Egerton's restless, insatiate mind:—]

I lived on literature; but it was the eagerness of fever, and ended in ennui. I panted for new publications, and devoured them. I counted the days, the hours, and the very minutes, till the new parcel arrived; and the first place I frequented when I went to London was a bookseller's shop. I have not even yet entirely lost that curiosity; though all opportunity is so nearly shut to me, that I have almost subdued the rage. Indeed, I have no longer the pleasure in reading which I used to have.

[Sir Egerton's recollections of his neighbours are occasionally interesting.]

The rector of my parish was a dull man, in whom I could find no companionship;—a good sportsman, and a good rider;—sprung from a family who had long made themselves of some little local consequence by pioneering influence at Hythe, where they were of ancient gentilitial record, which came within the cognisance of the visitations of the heralds. He was about my own age, and I had been at school with him; but he never looked into a book and scarcely knew the title of one. He died early in 1827, aged 65. I knew an old clergyman at Dover of the name of Lyon—self-educated, uncouth, and in some respects almost illiterate; but a good sort of man—naturally ingenious, inquisitive, a good antiquary, and versed in some parts of science, especially electricity. He

published many things in a style which wanted polish and attraction, and was, I believe, little known in the world. Some of his letters may, I believe, be found in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*.

[Sir Egerton, strangely enough, omits all mention of Mr. Lyon's history of Dover, in two quarto volumes.

Boys, the historian of Sandwich, Sir Egerton says, was cold and heavy in his manner, and had not the appearance of a man of the world; Hasted, the historian of Kent, was a little, mean-looking man, with a long face and a high nose; quick in his movements, and sharp in his manner: he had no imagination or sentiment; nor any extraordinary quality of the mind, except memory. John Duncombe, the translator of Horace, was neglected and uncouth in his person, and awkward in his manner; a long face, with only one eye, and a shambling figure; his pockets stuffed with pamphlets, &c.]

I was acquainted with Sir Brooke Boothby; he had too much the manners of a *petit-maitre*. I remember his giving a dinner at a hired house in Canterbury, at which I was present, where he had for that one party the whole walls of the room newly painted with designs of gaudy flowers, as floors are often chalked for dancing! I never saw his paternal house at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire; but I understand that it was whimsically fitted up. I believe Sir Brooke died at Boulogne, about 1823, at an advanced age.

[The reader will startle at Sir Egerton's opinion of Porson: it is about as mistaken as Sir Egerton's estimate of some of his own capabilities.]

I was once or twice in company with Porson at college. His gift was a surprising memory: he appeared to me a mere linguist, without any original powers of mind. He was vain, petulant, arrogant, overbearing, rough, and vulgar. He was a great Greek scholar; but this was a department which very few much cultivated, and in which, therefore he had few competitors. What are the extraordinary productions which he has left to posterity? Where is the proof that he has left of energetic sentiments, of deep sagacity, of powerful reasoning, or of high eloquence? Admit that he has shown acuteness in verbal criticism, and verbal emendation;—what is that? He was one of those men, whose eccentricities excited a false notice. The fame of his erudition dazzled and blinded the public.

[Here we must halt, though we feel that we have scarcely been prodigal enough. We may, therefore, return to these volumes; but it may not be so easy to find an epithet characteristic of their admixture of pleasant and unpleasant reading. We shall, however, be content with the first of these impressions.]

The Gatherer.

"*Food for the Mind*."—It is a curious fact that, within these four or five years, no less than four corn mills in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, and several in the neighbourhood of Maidstone, have been turned into paper-mills. One would think that the poor souls had actually taken to eating the books.—Cobbett.

Absenteeism.—James I. issued proclamations to drive back all the gentry from London to their country seats. These proclamations, which may be found in Rushworth, are very curious, for they point out these absentees by name.

Origin of the Word Colony.—A colony is a body of people drawn from the mother country to inhabit some distant place. The word originally signified no more than a farm, i.e. the habitation of a peasant, *colonus*, (hence the word *cloven*;) with the quantity of land sufficient for the support of his family. It is derived from the Latin word, *colo*, I till or cultivate; hence *colonus*, a husbandman, and *colonia*, a body of farm-servants sent to cultivate the ground in a distant country, and, by metonymy, the place itself. M. Vaillant has filled a volume in folio with medals struck by the several colonies, in honour of the emperors who founded them. The ordinary symbol they engraved on their medals was either an eagle, as when the veteran legions were distributed in the colonies; or a labourer holding a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen, as when the colony consisted of ordinary inhabitants. P. T. W.

Napoleon, Wellington, and Cuvier, were all born in 1769, a year remarkably fertile in the production of great men.

Genius, like pure piety, indulges in no extravagancies.

The Kemble Pipe.—An ancestor of John Kemble, a Catholic priest, suffered martyrdom at Hereford, in the seventeenth century. On his way to execution, he smoked his pipe and conversed with his friends; and, in that county it was long usual to call the last pipe that was smoked in a social company, a Kemble's pipe.

Nahum Tate, it will be remembered, mutilated Shakespeare's *King Lear*. Garrick made partial alterations on Tate's *Lear*. "He would not venture to re-introduce the *Fool*, which Nahum had banished, as if he had wished to have no other fool than himself concerned with the tragedy."—Campbell's *Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

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